

Mighty Mom 22

Chapter 22 Stealing Someone Else's Design

Lyla pounded on the table furiously. Just then, two more people came in from outside. They were designers at her fashion studio and they were all in the same situation.

"Miss Lyla, our sketches are gone too." "Yeah, so is mine." That was when Lyla realized the severity of the situation. "Get a technician to come have a look right now."

From outside, a man replied, "The technician was just with me earlier. He said either someone erased it or we were hacked." She was stunned. "Hacked?"

What hacker would want to attack my small studio? "Is there no way to recover it?" she asked desperately.

"Unfortunately, there isn't. The technician said it was a skilled hacker. He can't seem to find a trace."

Lyla flopped in her chair with a ghastly look on her face.

Sarah consoled, "Don't panic, Miss Lyla. Do you guys have any hand-drawn sketches? If you polish it up a bit, you can probably still make it in time for the registration."

Lyla glared at Sarah. "Are you a fool? The contest wants us to submit a digital copy of our designs!"

Sarah fell silent. She only wanted to comfort Lyla. Lyla brushed them off, "Okay, just get out. All of you." They started to shuffle out of the room.

Lyla sat in her chair completely dumbfounded. Who would hack her tiny studio? She got up and closed the door to her office then made a phone call. "Ben, can you come over right now?" A man gushed from the other end of the phone, "What's wrong, sweetheart?" "Someone hacked my computer and all my designs are gone," she said anxiously. "Don't fret, sweetheart. I'm out of town right now. Can I go tomorrow? I'll take a look at it for you tomorrow." She frowned. "Can't you come back now?"

"Sweetheart, I'm in Mastar. I can make it back tomorrow at the earliest. Don't worry. When have I ever pushed off your things?"

She murmured, "When is your flight? I'll go and pick you up."

The voice on the phone suddenly turned dubious. "Do you miss me already?" "Ugh, did you have to ask?" she grumbled and started to blush. He laughed. "I'll let you know after I book the plane tickets. I miss you to death." They flirted back and forth for a while before hanging up. She sat in her chair and spent some time thinking. I can't just sit here in defeat. What if Ben can't recover the data either? Won't I just be wasting my time?

All of a sudden, she sprung up and left the studio, then drove home to the Brooklyn Residence. When she got home, Leila was the only one there.

"Mom!" she yelled as soon as she entered the house.

Leila was quite taken aback to see Lyla come home. "Why are you back already?" "Did you throw away all of Camila's things?" Lyla asked. Leila could not understand what was happening. "All of her things are in storage."

Lyla did not have time to explain and went straight into the storage. She searched through it for about half an hour before coming out with a book of design sketches. Leila asked, "What is that?" "Design sketches. The sketch I prepared for the competition got erased. There are only a few more days left before the registration closes. I'm going to see if I can find anything useful in here," she said as she flipped through the book. Those sketches came from the sudden bursts of inspiration Camila got while she studied design. They were all compiled into one thick book. When Camila left the house last time,

she did not manage to take all these things with her. Lyla stopped flipping abruptly and her gaze fell on the page in front of her. There were four formal wear sketches altogether; each of them was in a different shade-plum, orchid, bamboo, and chrysanthemum. There was a fusion of traditional Chinese art in the designs and each one was mesmerizing and refreshing to look at. Originally, Lyla wanted to come home to distract herself. She figured those designs from years ago must be out of fashion by now. She did not expect, however, that Camila would have such contemporary ideas in designs from seven years ago. "This one. I should be able to use this to enter the contest," she mused. Leila was slightly concerned. "I heard that Camila is back. If she catches you, aren't you afraid she'll sue you for copyright infringement?" **Chapter 23 A Stressful Day**

Lyla smirked. "Who said this was hers? There's no name on it. I say it's mine. Don't worry. We were able to chase her out seven years ago. What can she do to us now?" With that, she went off with the design book in her hands. Leila quickly held her back. "Hey, wait. You should behave yourself more these days. Don't make your father angry again. He was busy enough as it is all morning with that post of you on the internet."

"What post on the internet?" Lyla was perplexed. She was so occupied with the design sketches that she did not manage to get on the internet. "I think one of the customers at the restaurant yesterday recorded a short clip of what happened and put it online. Look at this," Leila said as she pulled up that video to show Lyla. Lyla was fuming by the end of it. Who had that much time to waste to put something as trivial as that on the internet?

"What did Dad say?"

"What can he say in front of me? Anyway, he did not seem too happy. Last night, he even told me that he had never felt so humiliated in his life before. He only married Camila off to Miles for your sake, but you need to know when to back off too. More importantly, Camila is back now. I don't think your father is that mad at her anymore. He even brought up her child yesterday and seemed quite happy as he was talking. You and Miles are also on good terms now so don't bother Camila for no good reason. Come home this weekend for a meal. Bring Mitch along too."

Lyla answered, "I got it."

The moment Lyla returned home that night, the suffocating smell of cigarettes filled her throat. She looked over and saw Miles nestled on the sofa completely wasted. His facial hair had grown out, the corners of his lips were slightly swollen, and he looked like a mess. Did he get beaten up? She changed out of her shoes and went inside. At the dining table, a chubby little boy, Mitchell Ryan, threw the bowl in front of him to the ground in defiance. "I don't want this! I said I don't want to eat this!" Mrs. Moore walked over to pick up the bowl. "Okay, you don't have to eat it. What would you like to eat then, Young Master Mitchell?" "Meat. I already told you I want to eat braised pork belly," he said. Coming home after a stressful day to a crying child and a husband who looked like he was neither dead nor alive made her anger shoot up in an instant.

"Miles, can't you hear the kid crying? Why aren't you taking care of him?" Miles was feeling foggy from the alcohol, but when he heard Lyla criticizing him, he immediately got furious.

"What are you yelling at me for? Isn't there someone taking care of him?"

She retorted, "Can't you see that Mrs. Moore isn't able to handle him at all?" Miles sat up and argued, "Then hire someone else. Why did you hire her when she can't do anything right? I told you to let my mother look after the kid, but you insisted on looking after him yourself. Why don't you look after him then? Why are you yelling at me?"

Lyla was enraged. She took a few steps forward and pushed him off the sofa. "Do you hear yourself? Is

he not your child too?" He looked a little drunk, but his mind was clear. Everything Camila said to him that day still lingered in his ear. He only separated from Camila because of this woman, but he was blind to have married such a vulgar woman. After he eased his spinning head, he reached out and flung Lyla onto the sofa. Pinching her chin, he mocked, "How do I know if he's actually my child? Tell me; how was I so blind to marry a whore like you?"